The Liberalist

Volume XXXVI AUGUST, 1959 Number 5

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Grand Canyon Trail Ride

I Saw God Wash the World

I saw God wash the world last night
With his sweet showers on high,
And then, when morning came, I saw
Him hang it out to dry.

William L. Atidger

Thought for the Month

"Nothing in this world of any value has ever been accomplished without effort and without overcoming resistance. That is the only way in which people become strong in any particular. Life is not what we find it; it is what we make it; and it is not what life does to us that matters; it is what we do to life.

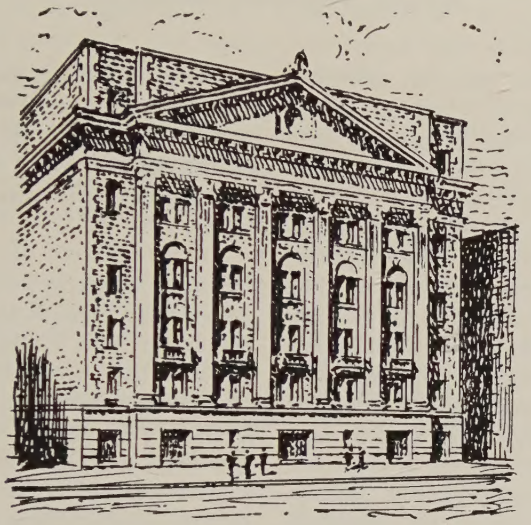
"The man who says it cannot be done is usually pushed aside by the man who is doing it. Every great advance in the history of the human race has been made in the face of discouragement and reactions from people who oppose it. Every great truth which has been of value to civilization has had to fight its way into acceptance. Life is never easy and was never meant to be. The only real happiness in the world is the happiness of overcoming."

Dr. Preston Bradley.

The above "Thought for the Month" was published in the June Monthly Bulletin of the First Presbyterian Church, Rosemary Street, Belfast. On another page of the Bulletin we found the following six points of interest:

1. OUR ORIGIN: Within the glory of the Christian tradition our fathers trod the way of spiritual and intellectual freedom.
2. OUR QUEST: In the spirit of Jesus we seek the truth wherever it may be found. "The truth shall make you free."
3. OUR GOAL: Jesus Christ is for us the supreme pattern of godly living. He offers not a creed, but a way of life leading to God and His Kingdom.
4. THE GREAT UNITY: Walking by the light of our own tradition, in Christian humility, we learn from the faithful of other religions.
5. OUR FELLOWSHIP: Within the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland this church finds fellowship with others who in freedom from doctrinal tests unite for the worship of God and the service of man.
6. In the liberty of Christian Fellowship we welcome all who will join with us in worship.

Dr. Bradley will preach in the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast on Sunday morning, July 5, 1959.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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Power From Right Thinking
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My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

AS I promised you last month, I am going to continue rather sketchily the history of The Peoples Church of Chicago. Some day I hope to have the time to do a definitive history of the church and my work, but under the pressure of my present activities this seems to be remote. The Wilson Avenue Theatre, at the time we met in it was one of the best-known theatres in Chicago and the most popular theatre on the North Side. The Wilson Avenue district then was a residential district, with some of the finest shops and stores to be found in the city.

The deterioration of the neighborhood began with the so-called "rent strike" during depression days, and very soon the fine apartments were subdivided into one and two room apartments and the influx of temporary residents soon was felt in the community.

At one time almost everyone who attended The Peoples Church walked to the services. They lived in the immediate neighborhood. That has all changed with the coming of the years and now our congregation comes from all over the City of Chicago and environs. We have people in the church every Sunday from Milwaukee, Elgin, Gary, Joliet and almost every suburban community. Modern transportation has revolutionized church attendance.

The Wilson Avenue Theatre seated one thousand people. We had our first service in the Fall, in October, and did not fill the theatre until the following Easter. After the Easter service the theatre was well filled at every service for many years and on all special occasions many were turned away, unable to find seats.

Our Board felt that there was the problem of finding a meeting place with a larger seating capacity. There was no radio in those days, no television, none of the factors which now are so influential in conditioning church attendance.

At this time one of the most beautiful theatres then in the city was erected on Sheridan Road at Lawrence Avenue, and named The Pantheon. Our Board met with Lubliner & Prince, the owners, and we signed a lease for this theatre. The Fall in which the theatre was dedicated we began our Sunday morning services in its spacious and beautiful auditorium. There were 3,000 seats in the theatre and the church entered into its most prosperous period and here we laid the foundation for our own church home.

The well-known English novelist, Gilbert Frankau, visited America and included Chicago in his itinerary. At a dinner I was privileged to meet Mr. Frankau and invited him to attend the service the next Sunday. He did so, and one of the many interesting books which I have in my library is an inscribed copy of Gilbert Frankau's "Unsentimental Journey," which is a most interesting account of his experiences in America and his reactions. It is in the tradition of the visitors who have come to our shores and then have written their impressions. Of all such books of which I know—and I try to become familiar with all of them through the years, I know of none which gives a better and more impartial account, and where he is critical he is justly so. He devotes nearly a chapter in the book to his visit to our church and if you ever can find a copy of the "Unsentimental Journey," I know you

would be interested in what Gilbert Frankau, a distinguished man of letters, had to say about his impressions of our services in the Pantheon days.

As the church grew more and more, I heard opinions expressed that the time was approaching when we should buy a piece of property and build our own church. The church had never had a building and in that respect it was like Central Church. Central Church has never built.

I was a young man and I envisaged and kept constantly creating for myself the image of our own church home, until a group of men who were themselves successful as business men and who were interested and working in the church, located a piece of property at 941 Lawrence Avenue, just around the corner from the Pantheon Theatre, which was for sale.

Property was very high in those days and there were only 100 square feet available at 941 Lawrence. We did not have any considerable amount of money in the treasury, but when the Board saw this property they decided to tie it up with an option and we started a building fund campaign. We raised $66,000 and purchased the land. We had it free and unencumbered. Mr. J. E. O. Pridmore, the architect for the Episcopal diocese of Chicago, was selected and asked to submit plans. His first plan was of a conventional, Gothic character, but the sanctuary would only seat about 650 people using that type of architecture. The Board realized immediately that that was wholly inadequate. At the time we were having an attendance of over 2500 people at the services, so the idea of building in the traditional Gothic was dismissed and we asked Mr. Pridmore to submit to us plans for an auditorium-type structure. This he did, and it was the plan we finally accepted. There were two floors above the sanctuary which were meeting rooms, and several Masonic lodges met in the upper floors, but not for long. It was too expensive for them and most of them went to the Ravenswood Masonic Temple.

We completed the building and it was dedicated October 10, 1926, 33 years ago. There are 1700 seats in the main auditorium. There is a main floor and a mezzanine and a large balcony. Anderson Hall, below the main auditorium, can accommodate about 400 more and on many special occasions, Easter particularly, we have had every seat under the roof occupied, with people standing.

The whole investment of the building is over $800,000. Our organ cost $65,000 at the time. It could not be duplicated for twice that amount. We put in two smaller organs in the upper floors. We had a bond issue of $300,000 and a second mortgage of $200,000, and for many years it was a burden that it seemed never could be lightened.

I am writing this the day before we burn the last mortgage paper on our building. The building is now all paid for, every debt is paid on the 47th anniversary of my pastorate.

This could never have been accomplished by one man. It has only been through the cooperation and the loyalty and attendance, enthusiasm and support of hundreds and hundreds of people down through these years. We have never defaulted on one single bond payment date. When building after building, during depression days and later, was going into receivership, being sold, and bonds went down to one, two and three cents on the dollar, The Peoples Church bonds were 100%. The capital was secure and safe and every bond holder has been paid every cent which they invested in a bond. Some of the bond holders left their bonds to the church by will; some of

them gave them back to the church, but most of the bond holders kept their interest coupons and sent them to the church, eliminating the burden of making interest payments, so that we have been able to pay on the principal straight through the lifetime of the bond issue.

I cannot describe or project the depth of my feelings as I look back across these years. If you have never visited our building I think it would be a revealing experience. You must not forget that our building is 32 years old, and no building I know of has had the care which has been given to our church.

Mr. Thomas A. Harrison, who was with us from the beginning up until his death two years ago, was the custodian of the building, and he treated every square inch of it as though it were his own property. Any little thing which was wrong was immediately repaired. Inside and out, the building has been cared for and protected, and that has all been very expensive. The older the building gets the more expense is involved.

So even though the mortgage is all paid, it doesn't mean that any of our contributors can lessen their support below what they have been giving. While the building is paid for, the upkeep continues and the budget of the church has to be met. This present summer it is compulsory that we renovate and restore the organ. That will cost $15,000. The people who built the organ have made a careful survey of it, extending over several weeks, and have told us that it might cease to function at any moment. On several recent Sundays it has been necessary to call the organ expert to the church and put the organ in a condition that it would play through the service. This of course is a situation that must be remedied. So, during the period of the summer, the restoration is taking place, which means the organ will not be available for the summer services and we must depend entirely upon our excellent concert grand piano, which is near the pulpit.

Our church has no endowment whatever. I have never been too much interested in endowments. I have seen many heavily endowed churches that were dead churches. As long as people have something to work for and have a sense of responsibility the financial problem becomes less insoluble, but if people in a church know there is available a fund to do all these things, the inevitable tendency would be to lessen their own financial activity.

I hope, if you are reading these words, you might feel inspired to send us a gift to help in the organ restoration fund during the summer. It will be greatly appreciated.

* * *

In giving you these highlights of the 47-year history of our work, I haven't mentioned the radio. Our radio ministry has been one of the great opportunities for a more widespread influence of the church and what the church is trying to do. It is now the oldest continuous church broadcast in America. You notice I did not say religious broadcast, because there are two or three religious broadcasts, originating in studios, that are older, on the air than The Peoples Church, but they were not constituted churches. Ours is a church incorporated as such and functioning as such and has ecclesiastical standing.

Two other churches were ahead of The Peoples Church on the air. The first church in the United States to broadcast was the Shadyside Presbyterian Church in the City of Pittsburgh, whose broadcast was over KDKA, Pittsburgh. That church no longer broadcasts. The second church

was the Central Church here in Chicago, when Dr. Frederick Shannon was pastor. Dr. Shannon broadcast over KYW. A couple of years later The Peoples Church went on the air over WQJ, one of the pioneer radio stations in our city. Both the other churches no longer broadcast, leaving The Peoples Church as the oldest continuous church broadcast in American radio, now in its 35th year of continuous broadcasting.

I could write not one book but many on my experiences in radio. It has been an ever-increasing part of my ministry and with the passing of the years continues to grow, rather than diminish. For the past two weeks I have been sitting before a microphone two and three hours at a time, for I have been making thirteen one-hour records which you may hear every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock on WLS for one hour on the thirteen Sundays I shall be absent from the pulpit. I have also made thirteen 15-minute recordings for station WCFL for our vesper broadcast, which is heard every Sunday afternoon at 5:45. So, all the time I am away I shall be on the air twice every Sunday. The reason for continuing these thirteen weeks on both stations is because the stations did not want to interrupt the continuity of the broadcast.

The 11 o'clock Nielsen rating on WLS is very high. I saw the rating on the broadcast yesterday when I was at WLS doing some recordings. At the 11:30 point in our broadcast we had a larger audience with the exception of two other broadcasts (not religious) than any station originating in Chicago. We have the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago radio on a Sunday morning. The rating on WCFL is also exceptionally high. I have no way of estimating the actual number of listeners, but they are in the thousands.

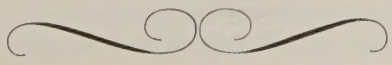
All of this time we have paid full commercial rates for our radio activity. At the moment we are paying $500 for the one-hour broadcast each Sunday, and our gratitude to Mr. William Gage, President of Magikist Services, who pays $300 of this amount, is unbounded. The church has to pay $200 an hour for the broadcast. That means $800 every month and some months $1,000; and if you happen to be in a generous mood as you read these lines, it would be inspiring to us if you were to make a contribution to help us in the $200-an-hour broadcast costs.

The letters, the personal contacts which I have had from radio broadcasting, and the experiences which have resulted from radio broadcasting cannot be expressed in terms of dollars. No matter what it costs, I have ever-increasing proof that it is all worth it and more. You cannot measure goodness in terms of money.

I thought, inasmuch as we are always making new friends, and people are coming into Chicago who learn about the church for the first time, that this brief and somewhat inadequate history of the church might be interesting.

Beginning in the September number I shall speak of my experiences in Europe which at this moment are just ahead. One week from the day I am writing I shall be on the Atlantic Ocean. I shall be thinking of you all many, many times. My heart holds more of gratitude than I have capacity to express and so, in the words of the old adage, "It's hats off to the past and coats off for the future."

Keep looking up!



The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

HAVE you ever stopped to think that as the millions and millions of raindrops that have fallen from out of the sky, there were never two raindrops the same? The generic design of every raindrop is different; and the same is true, too, of a snowflake. And then think of the millions and millions of sunsets that this old world has had, and in all the millions there have never been two sunsets just alike. The infinite variety of Nature!

In the presence of these facts, to me there is no greater philosophical folly than the philosophical folly of atheism. To stand in the presence of a universe like this and think of it as self-existent and self-creative is, to my humble way of thinking, the height of folly.

As we go into the literature of the nations of the past and the cultural development of mankind, we are face to face with some very significant and most interesting observations. The most important character for the perpetuity of culture is the artist, the individual who is able to take and so interpret through his creativeness the fundamental reality of Nature, that after he has embellished it with his own genius and tinctured it with the divine nature of his own personality, we are able to see significantly on canvas, or through the beauty of the interpretation of music, or through the artistry of the spoken word, some verification of loveliness, or some secret of beauty that would have been denied us without the artist, and without the interpreter, and it leads me to this general deduction which may be only a partial truth, but I think it is of sufficient vitality to warrant consideration, that the real preserver of the very best in civilization is always the artist. Everything else is transitory and finally unimportant.

When we go back across the history of the cultures of the world, we discover how significant is the contribution that these have made to our happiness, to our peace and to our program of life. We look out into the field of literature, and what would there be left if we were to take out of literature every reference to the world of Nature? Delete from Shakespeare—and he is perhaps one of the poorest illustrations that I might select in connection with my thesis—but take out of Shakespeare all that he has to say and interpret about the field of

Nature and the out-of-doors, and the barren brutality of most of his plots, particularly in the tragedies, would be of such a character that they would be unacceptable even as a form of entertainment. Take out of the literature of any culture of the world, German culture, Italian culture, certainly Scandinavian culture, and surely American culture—take out of them all references which the interpreter, inspired by the creative realities of Nature, has brought to the field of literature, and you have a denuded, barren, ugly thing that would never survive over three or four generations.

The same is true in the field of art. Supposing we were to take out of the field of art—I am speaking more particularly of painting—everything that was inspired by these elemental realities of the out-of-doors, and what would you have left worth preserving or of sufficient vitality that it could project itself into the future artistic consciousness of the race?

In the field of music as well, what would you have left, if you took out of the field of music that creative artistry and artistic interpretation that comes to the sensitive heart of the composer from the flash of a light in the skies, the beauty of a moonlit beam as it flows out of its cold surface through miles of space to be the inspiration of some wounded heart on a moonlit trail? What would Beethoven have done without moonlight for his sonata? What would he have done without the inspiration of Nature for the Symphonies? What about those minor harmonies, that are superficially discord, of Chopin's Nocturnes, without the inspiration of the rainy nights of this poetic gentleman who strolled about his little city in Poland beaten by the storm, the storm of the sky and of his heart? It blended together in utter loveliness to give us the weird beauty of the Nocturne.

What about the Greeks? They were fundamentally not lovers of, nor did they appreciate, the out-of-doors as compared to some peoples of the world, and yet, standing in the presence of the Gothic columns contributed by Greek architecture, the folds of the Greek columns and the Doric columns of all classic buildings influenced by the Greek tradition in architecture were all suggested to that early Greek builder by the folds of white snow that the blizzard laid in desolate loveliness as it swept across the area of his vision, and when he saw the folded columns of drifted snow, it suggested to him the beauty of the Greek column. Wherever this architecture is used among the civilized nations of the world, they are indebted beyond expression to the influences of Nature.

When you go into a home that is surrounded by beautiful trees or gardens or by shrubbery, look out of the window, you who love the out-of-doors. Every window is the frame of a perfect picture. Every square of window glass held up to nature, between the vision of the eye and the outline of the square, frames a perfect picture; and there is very little, if anything, which the artist has to do to that picture to rearrange its compositional importance, in order to more properly authenticate it as a work of art. To me, it is most significant that we can square off any background of the out-of-doors and obtain a perfect work of art. While you could not take out of Greek literature, without permanently impairing it, any of the contributions of the ancient Greeks, still we know that it has been said that with the Greeks the love of Nature was secondary and not primary. Yet, any Greek student will portray for you with interesting dynamics the thun-

ders of the Illiad scenes, and anyone who knows Greek and Ulysses and the siege of Troy can hear the pounding of the water against the prow of Ulysses' ship as sailing yonder upon the seas he meets that great experience of the Odyssey.

What is true of a secondary love of an ancient Greek, is still more significantly true of the ancient Hebrew. There is the place where we find the influence and understanding of Nature transferred over into human values such as nowhere else in the world. What would happen to the greatest piece of dramatic literature in the world in any language, namely, the Book of Job, if we were to take out of it all out-of-door influences? No scholar will tell you who wrote the Book of Job. The life and personality of that unknown writer we have lost in the obscurity of the centuries, but his work lives and endures. He was one of the first writers of any civilization to classify the influence of the stars over the soul of man. You remember in that striking sentence, "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" Star dreams of this ancient dramatist! Do you know, too, that there is mentioned Arcturus, the star whose light was the motivation for the glow and beauty of our Century of Progress a few years ago? Arcturus' influence was mentioned there in those far-off days of Hebrew culture and Hebrew associations.

The Hebrew built no buildings; he was pastoral and nomadic. The Hebrew created no architecture. There is no architecture in the world today of the Hebrew. He was never a scientist in that far-off culture, but the Hebrew touched the very foundation of social and moral value, and out of that real fundamental understanding of those social and moral values the mind of man finally found its way to the monotheistic philosophy of life, and it was—let us never forget—from the top of a mountain that a man cried "I have found Him!" From the mountain peak!

"47 YEARS OF IT!"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
JUNE 14, 1959

I NEVER remember the time when I didn't want to be a preacher. All of my life I wanted to be a preacher. As a little boy—my sister will tell you that—all of my life, even as a little boy, I wanted to be a preacher. And she will tell you that after school when we were children—(there is a difference of three years in our ages—she's three years younger than I am—and she will pardon me for revealing her age, because she doesn't look it) I used to garner up these youngsters out of school and take them up to the cemetery—of all places. And there was a monument in the cemetery that had an open Bible on it, you know, in stone, and I would get behind that monument and the open Bible, and I'd make all these youngsters sit there in front of me and I would preach to them. Those were the first sermons I ever preached. I've preached to a lot of monuments since then, I'll admit that. But those were the first ones I ever preached to. I really preached my first sermon when I was fifteen years old, and that's a long, long, long, time ago, and I've been preaching ever since.

And so I never remember the time when I didn't want to preach.

I have always been interested in religion; in the philosophy of religion; and in the ethics of religion; and in the study of comparative religions; and in studying all religions and all creeds and all churches and all faiths, all my life. But very early in my life—to be exact, the summer after I graduated from high school and before I went to college, when I was 16—that summer I took a little church up in Michigan to preach in, in a summer pastorate. And then the trouble started; for I could never accept, never, much of the theological dogma, the creedal dogma, much of the dogmatism of traditional, ecclesiastical Christianity. I had to keep a free mind. And because of that I found it impossible to accept what would have probably changed my whole life—the great prestige of our vast denominational life. I couldn't give my heart and soul to creedal or dogmatic Christianity—I just couldn't.

Here I was, believing in God—and no one believes more in God. It is not that I believe less, it is that I believe more. My concept of God is not limited by the little, finite expressions of the mind of man. You can't put my conception of God into a creed. You can't put it into a church or a dogma. My infinite devotion and love to the Teacher of Galilee in all the purity of His message and the beauty of His life deepens with every hour of my own life. But the Christ I worship and love is not the Christ of creed and dogma; it's the Christ of love and of sympathy and an understanding of the problems of man. So I found myself lonely, and I knew that I would face resistance and unpleasantness. One always does who thinks out of the rut or thinks for one's self. It's never easy. It's so much easier to go with the crowd—it doesn't require any character to go with the crowd, to be on the popular side. That is easy. But it's hard to stand alone. I started my work in this church and accepted the opportunity forty-seven years ago on the seventh day of next month with sixty-two people—that's all there were. Sixty-two people! Since that time I have consistently attempted throughout the years to maintain the integrity of my own thinking; to respect every person's church; to honor every person's altar and to revere every person's race. I have tried to make my religion a religion of service, so that wherever I was needed, there I should try to be. And I have tried to be a comfort to the sick and the dying, the troubled and the worried, the anxious and the concerned, the disillusioned, the frustrated. That has been the supreme and only ambition of all these years.

We have not had the prestige of a great denomination. Not the prestige of numbers—not at all. But we have tried to keep the integrity of our individual thinking and nobility of action and to preserve the ideals of the highest expression of worship. If there is any reason for the perpetuity of this church and its projection into the future long after I am gone it will be on this basis and this basis alone.

I have seen a new age born called "The Atomic Age"; an age which has compelled a new concept of religion based upon an entirely new comprehension of cosmology; until religion is being compelled to see itself in the terms of a cosmic truth as never before. It isn't one little world now, and it isn't flat, and it doesn't belong to those who were circumscribed by intellectual limitations in understanding or interpreting this world. Now the full revelation of the intelligence of God is being revealed in His cosmos and in His universe, and religion is being challenged

out of its pettiness and its weakness, its arguments and its controversies, its divisions and its subdivision.

We hear a voice: "Go ye into all the world and preach My gospel." Not the gospel of Methodism, of Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism, Roman Catholicism; not the gospel of divided sects of Protestantism; but My gospel in its purity and in its beauty.

That's a lonely position to take but it's the only position that I can take and remain at ease with my own conscience. That position you have respected through the years; that privilege you have given me, men and women of this beloved church. I could call hundreds of you here this morning by your first names. I've looked into your faces for years. You have enriched my life—I can never repay you, never.

In a box in the cornerstone of this church that you can see out there—when we laid that cornerstone—Mr. Anderson, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Essley, we were all there—I put this quotation from John Ruskin, and someday maybe in a hundred years or two hundred, when that cornerstone may be opened, and this building disappear, perhaps in the life of something called progress, and these walls are down, and its echoes are no longer remembered, somebody will read these words, that are in the box out there:

"When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight nor for present use alone. Let it be such work as our decendants will thank us for. And let us think as we lay stone on stone that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them; and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, 'See, this our fathers did for us.'" Now the greatest moment, perhaps, in my entire ministry is about to take place. I'm going to ask the President of our board of trustees, Mr. Herbert Hunter, and the Treasurer of this church, Mrs. Harrison, who has devoted thirty-seven years of work to this church, to come to the pulpit. Mr. Hunter has carried on as trustee all during this operation. I wish this was being televised. If some good, enterprising Chicago television station had only been real alert this morning we could have televised it. But we're going to now burn the last bond—the last obligation—of this, our beloved church.

(Mr. Hunter held an urn, Mrs. Harrison lit a match, and Dr. Bradley held the paper—and the "Burning of the Mortgage" took place before the eyes of the 1500 people assembled in the sanctuary—and history was made in The Peoples Church on Sunday morning, June 14, 1959.)

BOOK CHATS

READERS who have children between the ages of six and twelve years, and who feel that their children will benefit from the "Read Around the Americas" program being sponsored by the Chicago Public Library, should consult with the Librarian of their nearest Branch Library.

We regret we did not have the information in time to mention it in our July number. Any child who wishes to participate should register at any of the neighborhood libraries. Children

who are leaving the city for vacation periods may also join these reading groups.

The children choose books from the list, "Read Around the Americas," which has been compiled by the Children's librarians for this program.

Participants will discuss the books they are reading at round-table meetings in branch libraries throughout the city. When a child has reported on two books, either orally or in writing, his name will be placed on the Club bulletin board. When six book reports are made, a symbol of completion will be placed after his or her name. Reading Club certificates will be presented at the end of the summer to all participants who complete the program. The awards will be made at the individual branch libraries.

Further information may be obtained from the Children's Department of the Chicago Public Library.

This is certainly an excellent idea and would be of benefit to any child who would participate, even though the entire list of six books was not completed. It would be very valuable to any child to try to put on paper his impressions of a book after reading it. Of still greater value would be the participation in the group reporting, when each child would hear the report on some other book by another child. In addition the stimulation of the imagination in hearing about and reading about the "other" Americas is very important. It is high time that we adults should become more Continent minded about our own Western Hemisphere and cease to think of it as comprising only these United States, much as we love them. We can do much in greater friendliness to our brothers and sisters South of the Border.

This "Read Around the Americas" might be a good idea for adults also. We would be better able to converse with our visitors and participants in the Pan-American games this summer.

* * *

Princess Marthe Bibesco has written more than twenty books. She has now written *Sir Winston Churchill,* Master of Courage, which is an appraisal of the character and qualities of Winston Churchill. Here is probably the first foreign view of him to be published in English. It comes from one whose work has won her international acclaim and a French Academy award.

Princess Bibesco believes the supreme quality which marks his greatness is his courage. Her unique viewpoint proves to be a true key to Churchill's character. It gives a greater understanding of him than is provided in mere formal biographies.

It was in 1914 that Princess Bibesco first met Churchill. She became a cousin of the daughter of Lord Asquith through her marriage to a member of a notable Romanian family. This resulted in her being for many years closely connected with British political and social life. Among her more intimate friends she numbered Churchill's aunt, American-born Leonie Jerome. In her survey of his life and achievements she combines revealing stories and shrewd comment which provide an eloquent tribute to her subject.

The book might be said to be an entire thesis on courage, personalized. This is evidenced by all the chapter headings, which, after one in general praise of courage, and a preliminary sketch or portrait of Churchill, cover the courage of childhood, courage to defy his schoolmasters, to defy his schoolmates, to face ridicule, to play the dunce. In part two, the courage to charge, to enter through the back door, courage in capacity, courage to be a conservative, to declare himself, to be a liberal; and in part three, courage to

face the general strike, to be a prophet, courage of his opinions, courage to paint, and last, courage to step down.

As I am on the eve of departure for a vacation, with much, much work to finish up before leaving, I truthfully tell you I have not been able to read through this, to me precious book. But I have just read through the last two chapters (a thing I rarely do with any book in advance of reading the beginning and the middle). But I'm going to Mexico to study painting this summer, so I *had* to read the chapter on "The Courage to Paint" and then I couldn't stop without finishing the book.

Certainly, no matter whether you love the British or think you do not, whether you agree with Winston Churchill's views or you do not, here is a man who is worth knowing as well as one can know someone he has never met. And how better to meet him than through the eyes, ears, mind and heart of one who knows him both politically and socially.

Do give yourself the inspiration of reading Princess Bibesco's Winston Churchill, published by the John Day Company. I shall certainly read it thoroughly when I return from vacation.

* * *

In Smiley Blanton's *Now or Never,* (written with Arthur Gordon), published by Prentice-Hall he has a chapter on The Neglected Art of Pausing. He tells us he puts this chapter in before leaving the chapters on Work.

"To enjoy work, to welcome it, does not mean that one must work incessantly, day in and day out. From the majestic surge of the tides to the slow change of the seasons, everything in life has its rhythm, and man is no exception. To create, he must expend energy. There must also be periods of non-creativity in which he lets his soul replenish itself.

"We Americans are not very good at this. We take vacations, all right; we probably have more holidays than most countries. But we work too hard at our leisure. We tend to be unhappy unless we are going somewhere—preferably fast—or doing something—preferably strenous. Europeans and Orientals regard us with astonishment. They say we have not mastered the art of pausing. They are right.

. . . most of us have an exaggerated horror of idleness. Pausing for any length of time makes us nervous, perhaps because it makes us aware of a vacuum within ourselves.

"And yet, how can a philosophy of life be developed on the run? How can we know ourselves if we refuse to stand still long enough to look ourselves searchingly in the face? The answer is all too clear: we can't. Somewhere in the middle years we must learn to master the art of pausing; we must learn not to be afraid of a little solitude; we must not reject as impossibly highbrow the notion that now and then all of us should take time out for contemplation.

The sub-title to Smiley Blanton's "Now or Never" is "The Promise of the Middle Years." The book is dedicated to every man and woman over 35. It is a source of priceless insight, self-understanding and encouragement. It may be the most important book you ever read. Middle life is a good time to take stock of one's self and look ahead. Smiley Blanton is a world-famous psychiatrist and in this book proves that with a little self-awareness, these "last chance" years are the most rewarding of all. His chapters may interest you. They are headed as follows: The Time Is Now—Anxiety, Everybody's Demon—Your Marriage, Tri-

umph or Tragedy—The Challenge of Your Children—Your Work . . . Punishment or Pleasure?—The Seven Deadly Work-Sins—The Hidden Faces of Money—Your Body, the Most Marvelous Machine in the World—Alcohol, Friend or Foe?—The Dynamo of Sex—The Power of Religion—The Problem of Aging Parents—Facing Old Age Yourself—The Quest for Wholeness.

* * *

Codfish, Cats and Civilization by Gary Webster, was published by Doubleday on July 15th. Gary Webster is a Methodist minister and the president of McKendree College in Lebanon, Illinois. Under his own name, Webb Black Garrison, he has written books on religious subjects as well as numerous articles for such magazines as Catholic Digest, Natural History Magazine, Presbyterian Life, and many others. Under the name of Gary Webster he has published *The Wonders of Science* and *The Wonders of Man.*

In his preface the author tells us that Homo sapiens is a late arrival upon the planetary scene, yet has become the most abundant large animal on our planet; that his impact upon earth's total system or organisms in relation to their environment has far exceeded that of any other creature. Yet the story of this shaper of life can be told in terms of ways his own patterns have been affected by relationships with animals, birds, insects and fishes.

In his opening paragraph the author says:

"Today's urban culture serves as a screen. It prevents our seeing that the maker of artificial satellites and intercontinental missiles is a creature whose significance cannot be assessed apart from other forms of life. It obscures recognition that assembly lines and nuclear piles are operated by an organism whose past and future are intimately connected with a vast surrounding community of other creatures."

In Gary Webster's book you may read how thirteen lanky horses were key figures in the Spanish conquest of Mexico and its fabulous wealth; and how the Greek legends of the centaur probably were developed.

There is a very interesting and entertaining chapter on the European Starling. The cat began to be a guest in the homes of its two-legged fellow creatures almost 5,000 years ago. It was worshipped as a deity by the ancient Egyptians. Cats lived in magnificent temples and were fed like kings. To kill a feline was a crime far more heinous than the murder of a human.

There is a chapter on "The Bees Who Invented Social Security!" and on the "Unsung Empire Builder, the Mule."

Whether or not you find the snake a repulsive creature, the chapter about the "Poison People" is extremely interesting. The cobra's prestige is now at high level because venom from the Old World killers is playing increasingly dramatic roles in clinics and hospitals. We are told that the notion that snakes play a powerful or dominant role in human fertility is world-wide. "Often depicted with tail in mouth to symbolize endless duration, the serpent dominates religious art of cultures that flourished in Egypt, India, Persia, Nurma, Java, Ceylon, China, Japan, Mexico and Peru. Large-scale religious veneration of the cobra is now limited to Asia.

There is a chapter about the potato bug nearly causing a war; about the rat; one on the buffalo, the wolf, the fly and milk.

There is a chapter on The Lacquered

Lady Who Kills for Men; The Pig; Self-Propelled packing Plant; The Mexicon Boll Weevil: Glutton With a One-Track Mind; Big Bruin: Half Brother in a Shaggy Coat; The Fish That Made History; Br'er Rabbit's Biological Blitz; Strange Revenge of the Flying Axman (it's the pileated woodpecker); That Filthy Beast, the Ape; Nature's Living Surgical Knife (the Leech).

* * *

Another book which is a *must* for me to read when I return from studying art in Mexico, is a book entitled *Maya,* written by Charles Gallenkamp. The sub-title is "The Riddle and Rediscovery of a Lost Civilization." The author, Charles Gallenkamp, studied anthropology at the University of New Mexico. He has been a leader of several archeological expeditions throughout the Southwest, Mexico and Central America. He is director of the Mayan Research Fund and a research associate of the Instituto Interamericano. He is adviser to the Department of Anthropology of the Houston Museum of Natural History, and a contributor to national magazines and newspapers. He comes well prepared for his analysis of the lost civilization of the Maya.

Earlier in the Book Chats I suggested that the adults, as well as the children, might do well to become better acquainted with the rest of the Western Hemisphere. What a splendid way to make a start—by reading Charles Gallenkamp's *Maya.*

* * *

In last month's Book Chats, we spoke of the book *Light in the Jungle,* by Leo B. Halliwell, but neglected to mention the publisher. The publisher is David McKay Company, of New York.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

CHRISTIAN scientists will tell you that "desire is prayer." Of course, it should be "right" desire. I have proven that "desire is prayer" and also that "enthusiasm helps bring the answer." I cite for you the art exhibit we held in Anderson Hall last April.

Having suggested the idea of an art exhibit I really had the desire for a successful exhibit. I told our readers of that success in the May Liberalist. The part that concerned me after getting the program "rolling" was the matter of publicity. So I telephoned a young lady to whom we send our church press notices on one of our daily papers and asked her advice as to whom I should send some publicity about this affair. She gave me a suggestion and I very enthusiastically followed through on it. The result was a lovely write-up, placed under a very interesting picture of a society event. Then I became so enthusiastic about having a photographer at the exhibit that the final result was two photographers from the same local newspaper. This was not so good for my reputation with the local newspaper. I just got too enthusiastic that time. But it shows that one has to really have a great de-

sire and be willing to work for that desire to have a success.

Now another interesting line of thought is the way things open up when one really has a goal in mind. Dr. Bradley's goal of "burning the mortgage" had to be a dream at first, with desire and enthusiasm back of it. His dream of an artistic painting in the panel over the choir is being worked out this summer.

And now something further had opened up toward our next year's art exhibit. There were repercussions from the exhibit of last April just the other night. I received an invitation to visit a Carnegie Alumni Chapter (not my own chapter) here in Chicago. They were having a program featuring the subject of art. It sounded attractive, so I went. The moment I entered the room one of the officers grabbed my hand and took me over to a newspaper clipping on the wall. It was the picture taken by the photographer at our last April art exhibit. She had seen it and had decided to use it on this occasion.

It was an interesting evening. As the Carnegie Chapters feature speech, every member gave a three-minute talk on art: what it meant to them, etc. Later in the evening, Mrs. Henry West, the wife of a member of the chapter, gave a demonstration of water color painting. She is a teacher of art, living in Western Springs. It was a lovely demonstration, in which many of the members were asked to take part. While she was painting, her husband, "Sarge" West, gave a talk on art which was both entertaining and interesting. Well, said I to myself later that evening, "There is a program for our next year's art exhibit." I'm writing the Wests this very day.

In connection with this painting-hobby of mine, I subscribe to the American Artist. It was through an ad in that magazine that I got to thinking about spending a month in a school of art. The final result of that is that on Wednesday, June 24th, I fly first to St. Louis to attend the 10th Annual International Convention of Dale Carnegie Alumni Association; then fly on to Mexico City for a little sightseeing; and then go to San Miguel de Allende, where is the Instituto de Allende, founded by Sterling Dickinson. I at first planned to attend an art school in Taxco, but two friends, Carl Beller and Mary Clarke, helped me change my mind. Then Dr. Bradley told me he knows Sterling Dickinson. June Bradley showed me three block prints she has on the wall of her bedroom, given her by Mr. Dickinson, and showed me also the book, "Westward From Rio," written by Heath Bowman and Stirling Dickinson, and containing one hundred block prints. Now again, things do open up. For in the Book Chats this very month I speak of learning more about our Western Hemisphere. Why not read "Westward From Rio?" One need not read the latest book off the press to find enjoyment. June assures me this is a fascinating book, and the wood cuts alone are worth buying the book to see. This book was published in 1936 by Willett, Clark & Company, so you have have to get it from the public library. The book takes you clear across the continent, from Rio de Janeiro to Lima, Peru, on a very round-about journey.

I do hope my summer vacation at the Instituto de Allende helps me to produce something worthy of our art exhibit next April. I shall take the desire and the enthusiasm with me, which is the basis of prayer and its answer. I shall take also my trusty little camera, hoping the weather will be kind, for I am a fair-weather camera shooter. This is being written on June 21st, though you will be reading it about August first. We had to get the

August number out in June this time, and we will trust our printers with the proofreading. By the time you will be reading this I shall be back at work, with my Mexican experience back of me, and my paintings accomplished.

* * *

Heartiest congratulations to my beloved friend, Dr. Preston Bradley, and to the congregation of the Peoples Church of Chicago on the successful completion of your mortgage. May this new financial freedom now serve to enhance an already magnificent ministry and undergird your future for victories yet to be. Bon voyage. See you in Ireland.

Dr. William Clyde Donald II,
Bethel Church, Detroit, Michigan

* * *

Forty-seventh Anniversary congratulations and best wishes to you and your Peoples Church.

W. M. Gage,
Magikist Services

* * *

Dr. Dana McLean Greeley, President of the American Unitarian Association, of Boston, Massachusetts, sent the following letter:

Dear Preston:

Heartiest congratulations to you on the burning of your mortgage, as a great achievement in a long line of remarkable accomplishments in your most distinguished ministry.

May I wish you continued success and satisfaction, and may the church's future be worthy of its past.

Faithfully yours,
Dana

* * *

Many telegrams were received by Dr. Bradley in connection with his 47th anniversary and the "Burning of the Mortgage" on Sunday, June 14th. We here publish some of them:

Congratulations on the great achievement of payment of the mortgage on the Peoples Church. This would not be possible were it not for your great efforts in behalf of your congregation and the community of Chicago. We hope that you and Mrs. Bradley will have a delightful tour of Europe and we will look forward to seeing you on your return.

Sincerely,
Ward L. Quaal

Mr. Quaal is the Manager of Radio Station WGN.

* * *

Congratulations on this very special day. The warmth of your friendship is with us. Love.

Max Esther Edward,
Pasadena, California

* * *

You will recall that Dr. Bradley met Dr. Jacob Singer, Rabbi Emeritus of Temple Mizpah of Chicago, when Doctor and Mrs. Bradley were on their Caribbean cruise prior to Easter. We sent a Liberalist to Dr. Singer, in which Dr. Bradley told, in his "Along the Way" of this meeting.

From Curacao, N.W.I., came a letter from Dr. Singer:

Dear Friend and Colleague:

I am in receipt of The Liberalist of May and I am grateful to you for the lovely description you have given of us and our meeting on that unforgetable day in Curacao.

To be on this island and to have such distinguished friends to boot is a prize that is greatly rewarding. The editor of our Bulletin will give an account of your article, and our people here will be able to see how men of different creeds but of the same faith can live together and work together in fraternal cooperation.

I believe that Fleiderer said: "In every religious controversy you have all controversy and no religion." Happily we understand our respective creeds differently.

Last night I started a lecture course given fortnightly. The first was "Trends in Judaism;" the second "Are We a Race, a Nation or a Religion?", the third "A Jewish View of Jesus;" four, "Zionism;" and five, "Reform Judaism." We had 70 for the first. Here's hoping that the enthusiasm will continue. They made a tape-recording of my lecture.

Yes, we will have many experiences to relate when we meet again in Chicago.

With every good wish to you and to Mrs. Bradley, in which Mrs. Singer joins me.

Fraternally,

Jacob.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have received your letter of June 2nd. I am certainly happy to hear that you are going to "Burn the Mortgage."

I think frequently of the many happy days you, Grace, Walter, Florence, my beloved Sol and I spent together. Life was so different in those days. One cannot plan or think in the same way any more.

Did you know it was 19 years last Thursday since Sol passed away? Out of our happy little group, just you and I remain. I do hope that you will be here for a great many years and may we all be here to celebrate not only your 50th year as Pastor of The Peoples Church, but many years beyond.

Your letter once again sparked the nostalgia I frequently feel and this, coupled with the memory of Sol's demise, prompted my few words to you.

I enclose an offering in the memory of the days gone by. With fondest wishes and best regards to you and the present Mrs. Bradley,

Yours sincerely,

Ruth K. Gaylord,

Gaylord Products, Inc.

We might well give the title to this letter, "English as it is Enunciated":

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was a great pleasure to hear you speak last evening, at Elmwood Park.

Enclosed please find a small donation for your church in appreciation of the many years I have enjoyed your sermons and I hope benefited from them. There is also a small catch to this donation, and that is that you will please read further and bear with another "precocious child" story, as follows:

My youngest child, Stevie, informed me a few weeks ago while walking home from Sunday school that he had found out what God's real name was. I was so surprised, and asked what ever did he mean. "Well," said Stevie, "His real name is Ed, because when we say our prayer to Him, we say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven, HELLO ED—be Thy name.' "

Being with him evenings when he says his prayers, since he has this new, personal relationship with God is a marvelous experience. You have never heard such informal, sincere, and completely confident prayers. He has even made some pretty good suggestions.

God bless you on your trip to London and we look forward to your safe return to Chicago.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. J. R. Dodson.

* * *

From the very popular Herb Graffis, columnist of the Chicago Sun-Times, we publish this letter:

Dear Preston:

You just gave me something that I appreciate more than I ever would a Pulitzer Prize, and that's your letter about that column on the Monon whistling its last farewell.

In getting something that echoed your thoughts as a kid being called

by the gypsy tunes of the old train whistles, I am very happy and willing to privately consider that I have reached my pinnacle as an ink-stained hack of many years.

Preston, any word from you about my job is greatly appreciated because I think you are the most practical critic and the best off-the-cuff producer of top-grade prose of anybody I've ever bumped into.

I'll never forget your talk one night at some radio station, after Franklin Roosevelt had died. I had grunted and torn up a lot of bum leads and finally produced my batch of epic and then you came into the studio, put your pipe down, got up to the mike and ad libbed what I still think was the greatest comment on spot news that I ever heard—including some of the war comment!

I am not of the temperament to cry at "Mammy" songs or get hysterical when an Antony speaks at Caesar's bier—but when I got through listening to you that night I thought the world had lost somebody much greater than a politician.

Again my thanks to you. Your letter certainly made the day bright for me!

Sincerely yours,

Herb Graffis.

* * *

The following letter came to Dr. Bradley late in May, and the address given on the envelope was APO 925, San Francisco, California. However, according to the letter itself, it came from Tokyo. We thought it would prove interesting:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have just finished writing to Don McNeill, to express my gratitude for the wonderful show which we just received here over AFRS-Tokyo.

It was truly a thrill to hear you on his show . . . and such a surprise. . . .

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It made me so homesick, I could only sit and weep. It was the next best thing to having a short visit home.

The only unfortunate part of the whole program was that we only get half of the show—one-half of an hour.

I hope you make a return visit on the show. I listen to it all the time, it's such a wonderful link to Chicago.

Our tour over here has been most enjoyable and productive; Tokyo is such an interesting place. We only regret that you were not able to make it over here. I think you would love Tokyo too.

God bless you both and keep you both in the very best of health.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Mario Cappelli.

Capt. and Mrs. Cappelli are with the Air Force.

* * *

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OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services have carried two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season.

Now they have arranged to sustain the hour on Station WLS for the summer, with the cooperation of the station and myself. The Peoples Church and myself are deeply grateful for this courtesy and encouragement, and take this method of publicly expressing our appreciation.

We hope that this hour's program, every Sunday at 11 o'clock, which will consist of music, inspirational thoughts and poems, will be an inspiring experience for those who are unable to attend the church services, the shut-ins, the ill and those who may be in institutions. Again we say "thank you" to Magikist.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

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DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

1—Three funerals.
Address, Mather Home, Evanston, Illinois.

2—Address. Commencement, High School, Henry, Illinois.

4—Wedding.
Two funerals.
Cut seven records, WCFL.
Address. Chicago Yacht Club, for Chicago Foundlings Home.

5—Conference Luncheon, Fritzel's.
Cut three one-hour records, WLS.

6—Address. Spencerian College Graduation, Milwaukee, Wis.
Wedding.

7—Morning Service. Peoples Church. Two Memorial Plaques unveiled—to Thomas A. Harrison and to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Reisenhus.
Two christenings.
Funeral.
Broadcasts: WLS, WCFL, WSEL.
50th Wedding Anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Lou H. Hangel, Anderson Hall.

8—Address. General Outdoor Advertising National Convention.

9—Dinner. Uptown Chamber of Commerce.
Worked in Study all day.

10—Cut one-hour record WLS.
Cut three records for WCFL.
Wedding.

11—Commencement Address, Harding School, Hammond, Indiana.

12—Luncheon Meeting, Chicago Athletic Club, re Albert Schweitzer Foundation.
Reception, at home of Mrs. Peter Reisenhus.
Attended Sunday Arts Program.

13—Worked in Study.
Wedding.
Sick calls.

14—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
"Burning the Mortgage" ceremony.
Wedding.
Broadcasts: WLS, WCFL, WSEL.
Address, Vasa Park, Elgin, Illinois.

15—Cut three TV programs at United Artists.

16—On Island at Lake Vermilion.

17—On Island at Lake Vermilion.

18—Funeral, Peoples Church.
Left for New York.

20—Sailed on SS "Mauretania," for Ireland, England, Paris, Rome.

FUNERALS

1—Mrs. Alice Boynton.
Mrs. Adele Badgeley.
Mrs. Clara F. Briggs.

4—Elfrieda Cosgrove.
Mrs. Marguerite Slosson.

7—Mrs. Rose Dyvig.

WEDDINGS

4—Mildred Arterberry and William Sullivan

6—Dorothy Turcotte and Christy Vurnovas

7—50th Wedding Anniversary Mr. and Mrs. Lou H. Hangel

10—Princess I. Silz and Harlow Mace

13—Maral Ann Weireter and Charles L. Ririe

14—Evelyn Wallace and Rouald Gutierrez

CHRISTENINGS

7—Sherry Lee Cichorz, D. of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cichorz

7—Kathryn Anne Jamgochian, D. of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jamgochian

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Sunday Morning Service (Opening for 1959-'60 Season) Sept. 20 ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church (Opening Sept. 20) Parents invited to accompany their children... 9:30 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday, September to June. New members welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall..... 5:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Reviews (January and February)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, September to May, in Anderson Hall. Mrs. Chris J. Larsen, Corr. Sec., 909 Gunnison St., Chicago 40..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, meets the second Sunday afternoon of each month, in Anderson Hall, Sept. to May. Meetings open to the public, men and women. Mrs. Ida Loe, Corr. Sec., 4629 N. Winchester St., Chicago 40..... 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club, meets the 4th Tuesday of the month in Anderson Hall, Sept. to May. Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Sec., 2218 W. Carmen Ave., Chicago 25..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m

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Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Through September 13th, a one-hour broadcast of music, inspirational thoughts and poems, direct from Station WLS..... 11:00 a.m.

Beginning September 20th, the church service will again be broadcast direct from the pulpit of the church..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL (FM)—Beginning September 20th, a rebroadcast of morning sermon..... 9:30 p.m.

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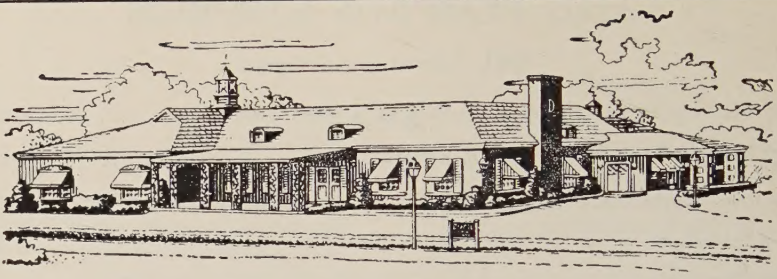

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ATTEND CHURCH

PURPOSEFULLY. Bring the days that are to be into God's house, seeking to know His will for the coming week. Sometimes the answer rings clear in a sermon which you feel "was meant for you."